

## Vital Signs

Frank Turner

This country is my canvas  
I leave paint trails as I go  
I'm painting a picture  
That you can only see from outer space  
My bedroom is your sofa  
I take my breakfast on the train  
I'm tired and I'm dirty, and not a second goes to waste

I'll be dead but never dying, and I say that with a smile  
It's just my way of trying to be alive

Well I'll never get to grey hair  
And I'll never be in the black  
But I can tell stories that most can hardly dream  
Dreaming is a luxury  
Like stopping-staring and beauty sleep  
I'll stop when I'm finished  
And sleep is for the weak

Heaven's in the half-light, and that's where I reside  
A whiskey and a wry smile  
I check my vital signs

And when I'm gone  
The worlds revolve, and life goes on  
So mark no grave  
Forget my name  
If the song remains  
And everybody's got a drink and a smile  
Well, that's just fine by me